

If Ney were to be shot, it is obvious that it should have been as a high act of justice. If neither the rank nor the services of the criminal were to save him, his death could not be too formal, too solemn, too public. Even an ordinary military execution is always carried out with grave and striking forms : there is a grand parade of the troops, that all may see with their own eyes the last act of the law. After the execution the troops defile past the body, that all may see the criminal actually dead. There was nothing of all this in the execution of Ney. A few chance passers, in the early morning of the 7th of December, 1815, saw a small body of troops waiting by the wall of the garden of the Luxemburg. A *fiacre* drove up out of which got Marshal Ney in plain clothes, himself surprised at the every-day aspect of the place. Then, when the officer of the firing party (for such the spectators now knew it to be) saw whom it was he was to fire on, he became, it is said, perfectly petrified; and a peer, one of the judges of Ney, the Due de la Force, took his place. Ney fell at the first volley with six balls in his breast, three in the head and neck, and one in the arm, and in a quarter of an hour the body was removed ; " plain Michel Ney " as he had said to the secretary enunciating his title in reading his sentence, " plain Michel Ney, soon to be a little dust."^x

The Communists caught red-handed in the streets of Paris

¹ "The grave of the bravest of the brave in Pere la Chaise is in the principal avenue, and close to that in which Beranger and Manuel, the orator, lie together, surrounded by the sumptuous tombs of his brother Marshals, and within sight of those of the Generals Foy and Gobert, and that of Baron Larrey, the surgeon of Napoleon I. Ney has no cenotaph, or simple headstone even, to tell the passer-by who it is that lies within the lichen-covered rusty iron railing, and few there are who recognize it, unless prompted by individual interest in the intrepid and unfortunate soldier, or by curiosity at the wildness of the neglected and uncared-for place. Years ago some one laid out the enclosure as a small garden, but no one since has even tended it, and weeds have choked all but a few small wild flowers. There is now no slab or inscription, such as described to exist in 1827, or if there is it is completely hidden beneath the ground and tangled brier, and the rank grass growing all over the grave," (*Notes and Queries*, 1874, fifth series, vol. i. p. 374).

In 1827," says a contributor to the same journal, " I was anxious to see the Marshal's grave in Pere la Chaise. I well remember the alarm, the precautions, and the mystery with which our *conducteur*, watching his opportunity, sought the spot, and, moving aside the rank grass, disclosed a small flat stone with this inscription —eloquent in its simplicity — ' Hic AMICUS.' "

The tomb is now easily discoverable from the plans in the guide-books of Paris, where its exact position is shown.